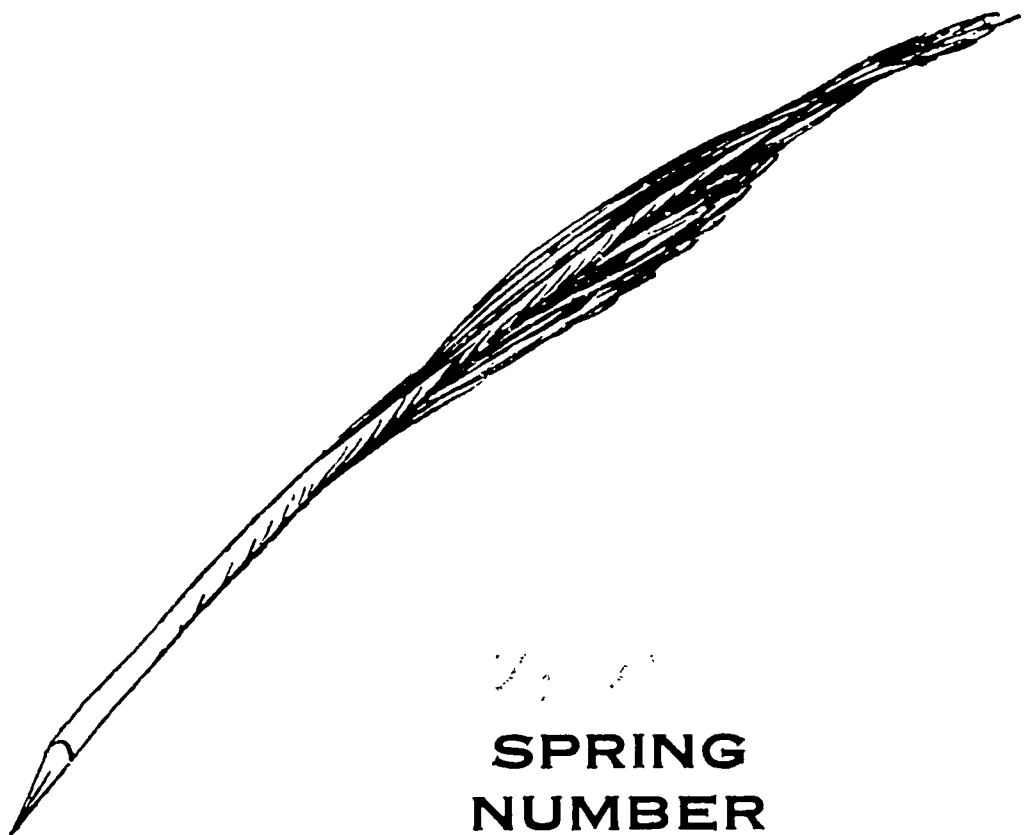
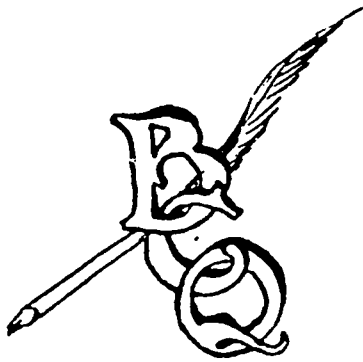
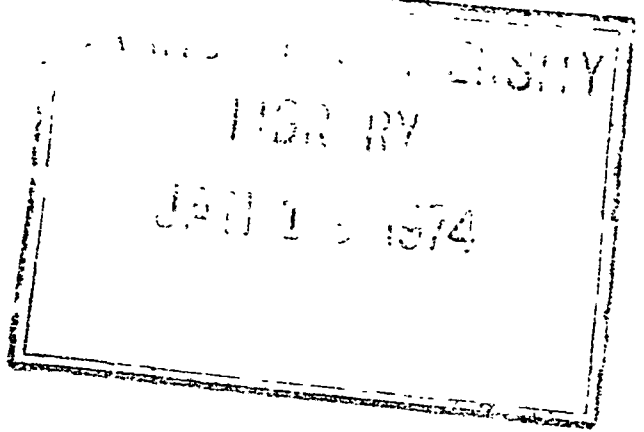


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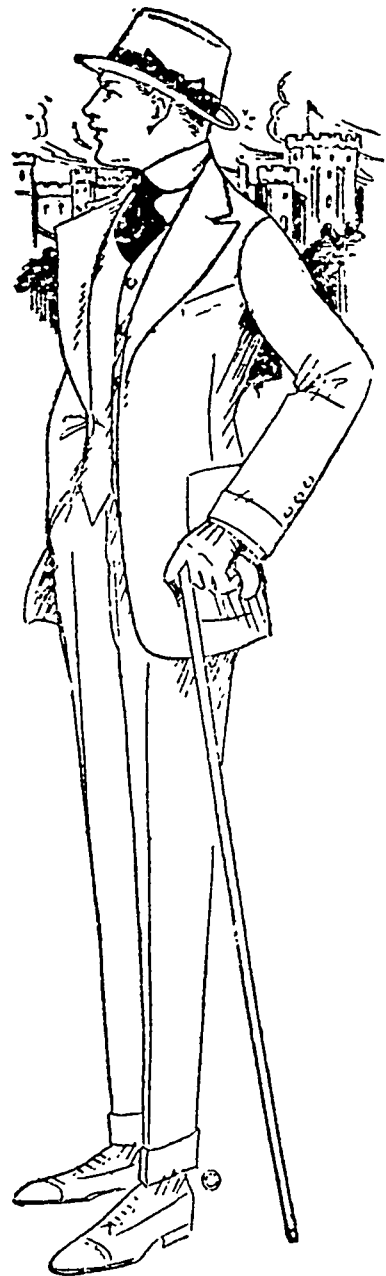
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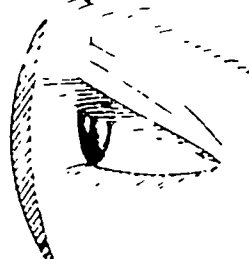
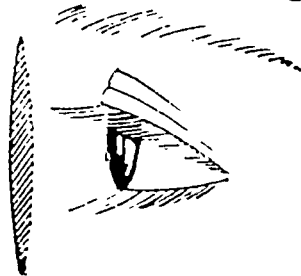
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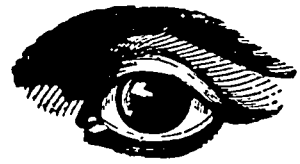
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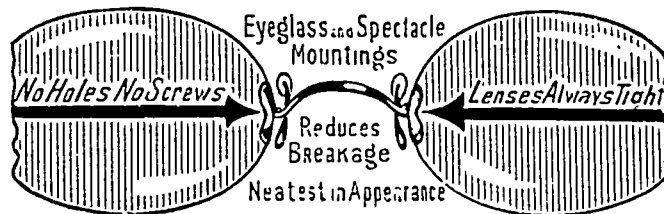
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FROM A DISTANCE—A RETROSPECT AND AN OBSERVATION OR TWO

D. L. DURKIN

There was a boy whom I once knew who left home at the inquisitive age and betook himself, poor fool, to a great city. He was a good boy; better still, he was an honest one. During the first year he spent his time, or much of it, telling his new friends about his own father. At the year-end he was still sure that his father was the best of his kind in the world. Therein, be it said, lay much that was good in the boy. During the second year he was forced to listen to what other boys had to say about their fathers. At the end of the year he had already somehow conceived the idea that he ought to be a better man than his father. Therein lay his native honesty, for what honest man—and young—has not thought fearfully if enthusiastically of the same obligation? We cherish the hope, they say, till we are about fifty, and then sit down content if we find ourselves half as good. This is a parable, or an allegory—I am not very sure which. Nor do I care, so long as in its interpretation and its detailed application you make no unpleasant use of the words "poor fool," for the writing of which I make no apology, though I can offer no explanation of it.

It is almost two years since I left Brandon College. I am still ready to defend my old home against all comers. But there are some things, too, that I see more clearly now, albeit I am farther away than I was then.

It has not taken two years to make placid the surface of a disposition that was all too easily rippled by the cross-winds of little oppositions and differences of opinion. That had been done in a month. But it has taken the larger part of that time to fill out the appreciation I have of the real beauty, the real worth of four years spent within the walls of Brandon College.

Was it John R. Mott who said that he found a spirit there such as he had never met elsewhere in the college world? I used to wonder if Mr. Mott, when he said that, was toying with the truth. I used to suspect that the great Y.M.C.A. leader was as diplomatic as he was, well, famous. I began to realize before I was absent six months that he was no diplomat. He was a prophet.

I shall never forget, never, perhaps, fully understand the supreme unity of feeling that subdues every heart that pulses to the sound of the "Hippi-skippi." It is almost uncanny. And since this is a somewhat familiar and personal kind of article, let me confess that never have I felt such glory in victory, such sorrow in defeat, as I did when I was honored in donning a sweater of blue and gold, and took the portion that the fortunes of the day measured out to us. I could have fought—but I gain nothing in revealing everything. Is it not by the intensity with which one feels victory or defeat that he can measure his regard for those for whom he fights? It is this very thing that is sending so many of your best into the trenches. It is the same thing that will unite the khaki-clad team to give an honest account of themselves when they leap in to share the fortunes of the biggest game in the history of the world. Of this I have said enough, perhaps too much. But I wish you to *realize* what this spirit is, not merely take it for granted.

Another thing. I begin to wonder if I shall ever again know the high idealism that actuates the life of every man who teaches on the staff of Brandon College. When you know men better—the study is a comparative one—you will think more highly than you do now of the men who are perched on the other end of your "log." There is in each the kind of motive that somehow or other actuates all men who breast the slope of high endeavor with but a few resting-places by the way and a small enough staff to lean upon. Much might be said of their scholarship, but that is being said already—and not only at home. But mere scholarship may be a kind of failing. It is the least of all virtues. Think rather of something else, the something that makes human life worth the effort. Shall I be more explicit? Each is a kind of human paradox—an administrator who achieves the impossible and smiles in the doing of it, a young old philosopher, a delightfully whimsical mathematician, a theological critic of whom every student has sometime or other said, "He's a man!" an economist with a mind that is ever the tidiest notwithstanding, a historian who is human enough to love football though his scholarship, perforce, must needs lead him to forget his cravat, a musician—but I must not pass beyond the "iron door." The longer I am absent, the

more do I wonder how Brandon keeps her men. And that is no left-handed compliment!

Forgive me if I descend to the mention of what you will most assuredly reject as absurdities. I shall not seem to treat them too seriously. Furthermore I am coming to see that what I am about to say is not peculiarly true of Brandon College. *Alma Mater*—I realize now that I should have had the boy in my parable speak of his *mother*—has perpetrated the same indiscretions the world over. I have to tell you, in short, that you are much too smug, too self-complacent, too contented. The conceit of a sophomore is traditional in college life. Like most traditions it carries one only a little towards the truth, for being true so far as it goes it leaves unsaid at least twice as much since vanity and self-esteem are the stock-in-trade of every junior and senior as well. He measures men by the deference which they pay to the diploma or the medal. The whole of existence, the end for which the Almighty created the heavens and the earth, is shaped very much like a parchment rolled up and bound in the middle with a silk ribbon. The greatest tragedy—or the purest comedy—in life is to be had from a glimpse of a college graduate going down into the city the morning after convocation. Some remain the embodiment of this tragic-comedy to the end of their days. Others get over it in a month. The world has cruelly ordained that this shall forever remain the choice of the man himself.

I have room for one more word. You are much too gossipy. It is pleasant, of course, to have a few familiar details of the past failures and the present aspirations of the men you meet daily in the halls. It is refreshingly human, and the fear of gossip saves many a poor man's soul. I may not be so sure, however, but that under its power we degenerate into a very petty kind of cross-roads chatterboxes when we should aim at something more cosmopolitan. We grow peevish when we should show ourselves generous, familiar when we should be self-respecting, garrulous when we should be silent. Does poetry teach no constraint, classics no reverence for personality, music no sensitiveness to visions? Or do you not know that good men stifle in an air that is thick with the dust of small-talk and gibberish?

Here, then, is a little praise, though it might easily have been greater; and a little blame, though I might have made it more. I need not invite you to take what you like and leave the rest. It is a foregone conclusion that you will do that anyhow. You can rest assured that I know even now what your selection will be. And after all that is, perhaps, thoroughly in keeping with my wishes regarding you.

BRANDON COLLEGE AND THE WAR

H. L. MACNEILL, PH.D.

Educational institutions are apt to take a somewhat academic view of war. The method of force is not in harmony with educational ideals. Colleges seek to establish the control of reason in the broad, good sense over the individual and society—to establish what Matthew Arnold called the “sweet reasonableness” of life. War breaks down the control of reason. War casts reason to the winds and stakes the issue on force alone. The basis of all arbitration treaties, Hague conventions, etc., is that reason and reasonableness, if given time, will adjust claims and differences more fairly than war. If the South had been willing to listen to reason, there would have been no American Civil war. If Joseph Chamberlain and Paul Kruger had listened to reason there would have been no South African war. And beyond any reasonable doubt, if the Kaiser and the German war party had listened to reason, had even consented to grant a few days’ time before hurling their bolt, there would have been no war. But, alas! educational institutions, like Brandon College, over the world have not yet reached their goal of putting reason in control of human thought and life, and sometimes still men can not see or will not see. They can not or they will not listen to reason. And so we have war.

What is the attitude of Brandon College to the war? In general, it is the attitude of the whole of the allied nations—or to be more definite, the attitude of the whole of the British Empire—or to be more specific still, the attitude of the Overseas Dominions of that Empire—or to be still more specific, the attitude of the whole of Canada—viz., that if ever there was a holy war in the sane sense of the word, this is it; that if ever war was justified and necessary, it is now; that if war ever can be essentially defensive and altruistic, this war is such; that if war ever has a helpful influence on the Kingdom of God, this war has,—that, therefore, we are in this war, if need be, to the last man—not the last Frenchman or the last Russian, but the last Briton, the last Canadian, the last Brandon College man.

To be sure there is a small coterie who cannot or will not see the reasonableness of this attitude, whose views on this great struggle are academic, “sicklied o’er with the pale cast o’ thought.” But we are patient with these; we realize that no war could be necessary to them, and we leave them to their thoughts and their attitude. But the honor list of those who

have already gone to the front, the work for eight or nine hours a week throughout the year of the C.O.T.C, the number already enlisted in the Medical Corps, the highly satisfactory beginning of enlistment for the Western Universities Battalion—these and many other items all go to show that Brandon College students and faculty realize their measure of responsibility and propose to live up to it.

These are pregnant days. This war is a terrible business. As one hears of the horrid slaughter one can understand and sympathize at times with the individuals whose conscience and religion forbid them to have any part whatever in the hellish business, and with the nations who mean to keep out of it no matter what the cost. But second thought brings most of us to realize that issues are at stake today which go deeper than life itself, issues the right decision of which forms the *sine qua non* of real religion itself. We do not yet realize the issues at stake and the seriousness of the situation. If we did, we would not hesitate to rid ourselves of those things which render difficult and even endanger the winning of the war. If we did, no British leader of the Established Church would publicly proclaim his refusal to sacrifice his glass, no matter what the government ordered. Let the few of us whose consciences and religious view forbid them to fight, throw themselves with tenfold enthusiasm into ridding ourselves and the body politic of all that is a waste and menace in peace and war. Let them all the more zealously join with us in purging ourselves and our political life from vicious parasites that fatten on the nation's life blood whether in peace or war—vice, liquor, graft, patronage, etc. Only thus shall we win the war satisfactorily, and only thus shall we be worthy of ourselves and our heritage.

AN ABANDONED HOMESTEAD

The pony's hoofs beat the trail. Presently an old grass-filled track leads off into a bluff. In a clearing is the skeleton of a barn, and a small lumber shack. Opening the door, the tale is told. Old mattresses, boots, novels, and crockery litter the floor. An old home-made barber's chair stands there, to which homesteaders had come to save twenty cents and an eight mile tramp. The whole speaks of the failure, not of nature, but of human purpose.

F. R. J.

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Ritchie McPherson	Kerrie Chambers
Andrew Cumberland	Lieut. Lloyd Stovel
Capt. Arthur Hallam	W. Carey McKee
(Killed in action)	Evan Davies
Herman Ferrier	W. C. Scott
Wm. Scott	Percy Underwood
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Arden Smith	S. H. Miskiman
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James Allen	Bruce Steele
Alan Avery	Lieut. J. C. Kerr
Robert Cruise	C. H. Innis
Orval Calverly	J. W. B. Doucette
J. A. Maley	E. H. J. Vincent
Joe Scott	R. M. Harwood
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Ruben Trumbell	M. E. Graham
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Charles Dutton	Dave Winton
Wilfred H. Brown	R. E. Mayes
John Hart	W. C. Coristine
C. E. Adey	

**Western Universities 196th Overseas Battalion
C.E.F., Brandon Platoon**

T. H. Harris
Morley Armstrong
George Bamford
Milton Cassel Crozier
Kenneth Campbell
Elliott Mead Dutton
John Henry Davis
F. R. Julian
Beverley Leech

Duncan D. Lindsay
Stewart Milton
D. W. McEwen
Allan McKee
W. G. Robinson
Leonard Roper
Rae Smale
Victor Warner
Cecil Young

A FEW OF THE BRANDON COLLEGE MEN



C. H. Innis Henry Knox Bruce Steele
R. E. Mayes James Smith E. H. J. Vincent R. M. Harwood
W. C. Coristine R. W. McBain J. W. B. Doucette

THE CRUCIBLE

F. R. JULIAN, THEO.

It was thought at one time that there existed what was known as the philosopher's stone, by means of which all base metals could be transmuted into gold. This stone was never discovered, so base metals remain base metals still, although it may be possible by some process at present unknown to change them. But whilst we may not transmute, yet it is in our power to refine them, and the agent we use is fire. Anyone who has watched the melting and purifying of tin cannot have failed to notice the increasing brightness of the metal as the operator continued to remove the dross which rose to the surface. At last the skimming ceases, and what was before a mass of dirty-looking ore now shines like a lake of silver. As men put metal in a crucible, so may God do with men, and with the same purpose, to purify them.

The great process began again when Germany fired the first shot in this war. Unknown either to herself or others, she was setting the match to the furnace of the greatest crucible this world has known, into which the national ores were to be cast. One by one they were included and fiercer and fiercer blazed the fires until it looked as if the whole world would be etherealized. But it is not so. Today the nations, almost without exception, have been purified, and those who have suffered most have been most exalted and inspired, and when the season of test and purification is past, and justice has been again enthroned the peoples will come forth, better, nobler, stronger, for the experience.

There are those who plead the words of Tennyson, "The old order changeth and yieldeth place to new," and say that war with its fierce heat reveals nothing but primitive savagery, and should be replaced with more modern means; but facts deny this, and this war, the most terrible, both in extent and result, that the world has seen, has revealed phases of human character that were thought lost, and the loss of which was grieved.

Just as you may climb the Alps and, among the eternal snows, discover a flower in bloom, or descend a coal-mine and there among the grime of coal-dust find a bloom of purest white unsoiled, so, too, in unexpected places in the human character you may find flowers that seem out of place, and such treasures this war has revealed.

Beneath the ice of hate has blossomed the rose of compassion; and in the darkest lives the white flower of chivalry has suddenly disclosed its beauty. These have proclaimed the action of the universal heart, the real and only guarantee of future and lasting peace.

That the process through which the nations are passing is terrible, there is no question. We cannot deny the horror, the suffering, the grief; yet whilst this is true, let us not ignore the better side, but rejoice that at this time, much that was ignoble and destructive has been purged and burned from the life of the nations, and has been replaced by virtues and ideals that are eternal.

SPRINGTIME ON THE PRAIRIES

It is springtime. All the world is happy and resplendent in its new garb. The glorious sunshine is warming everything to new life; the air is resonant with the joyous spring songs of birds; the earth is budding forth in all the splendour of early spring flowers, trees and grass; and the delicious fragrance of spring is wafted on the gentle May breeze to all who may wish to stop and breathe in some of the hope and inspiration of this youthful time of Nature.

But Nature is not alone in the work of rejuvenating the face of this old earth. She is aided by the poorer sons of humanity in a much more economical and practical way. Everywhere as far as the eye can reach the vast prairies stretch forth showing the fields of this glorious West in the various stages of cultivation. Here is a field in which two men are ploughing, the patient horses plodding up and down, from one end of the field to the other, from morn till eve, preparing the land to receive the tiny seeds of grain. But ah! what do we see there? Dotting the field at short distances are three men, with four-horse teams, sowing the grain. The land has been prepared and the seeders go back and forth, up and down the field sowing the seeds in straight even rows; and as they go the seeds are covered with the soft moist earth so that the birds may not pick them and that they may take root and grow. What glorious hope and prospect! What prophetic visions! With the aid of sun and rain, what glorious bounties of wealth and happiness may be reaped! Is the spring not the time for hope and inspiration, awakening the aspirations to greater and nobler possibilities so that one may later be able to harvest the rich golden bounties of success, achievement and happiness?—N.R.

COLLEGE LIFE IN RUSSIA

J. KRENDEL '19

Thinking that the readers of the *Quill* would be curious to hear of the intermediate rather than elementary Russian school, I shall allude to the senior students of the gymnasium, their range of studies being practically equivalent to our course from Matriculation to Arts II. The latter standing is required of persons wishing to enter upon any course in the university; the former, from persons entering a scribal government office.

Now, let us see if there is really any outstanding feature in the Russian college life which might be of interest to the Canadian reader.

I recall a very limited number of zealous students struggling at the expense of play, sociability, even health, to win a prize and the instructor's approval for good conduct; and others, whose only aim, it seemed, was to amuse the class with story-telling, the invention of nicknames, and a display of ignorance in reciting their lessons.

But are not these types common to every school?

I remember an episode of a sharpened pencil in the harsh teacher's chair; another incident of a screaming puppy detected in the terrestrial globe during the geography lesson; and poems describing the personalities and exploits of the least popular pedagogues. I wonder whether occurrences of this kind are foreign to the Canadian school?

The few students from whose memory had not faded the image of the boisterous student of the period prior to the revolution of 1905, regarded their own times as pretty monotonous.

There was being accumulated by the thinking element of the rising generation, a new pile of "whys," which are not always satisfactorily solved in a Russian government school. But many of the old students (those that survived the terrible proceedings of the memorable year 1905) had not yet returned from their long terms of exile in the remotest deserts of Siberia, while others kept strictly their promise to be of good, pious behaviour, this being the condition of their admittance back into the universities after the stormy day.

The modern literature was under a strict censure, and could not furnish any honest discussion of the pressing problems of the day. It confined itself to the formation of an original style surpassing in beauty, but it was the product of thought, and not of art, that began to be again demanded.

At that point, in the summer of 1911, the first attempt was made to introduce military training into schools. Instead of the much longed for two months' vacation, the students had to continue attending daily the school grounds for a two hours' march and drill with model rifles.

The discipline became much stricter. Great importance was attached to the school uniform. The attitude of most of the students was soon made apparent by their frequent attempts to skip the drill, or undertaking sudden "about turns," if only time allowed, rather than greet the instructor, met with on the street, after the military fashion. A tendency, however, was soon noticed (it is true, chiefly among the least successful students) to pursue a military career after the first successful examination.

In connection with this period there rises in my memory the huge, somewhat clumsy, frame of a peasant lad, unanimously nicknamed "the Chinese god" for his wide, bulging forehead. He, it was told, entered the examination room in rustic wooden shoes, but was admitted to one of the higher grades, and at once laid claim to the position of prime student. I always think of him now as one of the beginners of a new era for Russia, who, with a full appreciation of the high standard of education in their country, will contend to make it accessible, nay unavoidable, for the large masses now being degraded by ignorance.

Let us trust that before long we shall hear of them following the path of their worthy predecessors.

FROM A WINDOW

On a clear wintry day, with the sun at its low zenith, as I stood gazing out of a window overlooking the surroundings that sprung up before me, my eyes fell on the sparkling snow of the distant hills. They rose gradually until the summits met a sky of exquisite hue, with delicate clouds sailing quietly across like silver shadow lace drawn over a blue curtain. Resting against the hills stood the large industrial buildings encircled with masses of gigantic trees. One could imagine the branches to be dancing in the air with delight at this wonderful day.

M. C. F.

AT SCHOOL IN VIENNA

GABRIEL DOJECEK, A. C. I. *

The Elementary School or Volksschull (People's School) includes grades one to five. There are separate schools for boys and girls, the boys being instructed by men and the girls by lady-teachers. Each school is about the size of Brandon College and Clark Hall, and has a gymnasium on the lower floor the full size of the building. Pretty much the same subjects are taught as in Canada. Examinations are held four times a year and results are given out in numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, according to merit. Much time is given to physical drill, such as climbing ladders, jumping, throwing the disc and playing various games.

In summer when the days become very hot school starts at 7 and is dismissed at noon. Church attendance is compulsory and confession is required three times a week. Every village has one of these schools, and in many places they are in charge of the village priest.

The Public School, or as it is called in Austria, Burger-schull (school for children of citizens), consists of grades five to eight. The girls and boys are still kept separate. The subjects taught are much the same as in the Elementary school—such languages as English, French and Latin are added, and the Catholic religion is taught. These schools are under Catholic control, and one-hour periods, two or three times a week, are given over to instruction in the Catholic faith. The Protestant and Jewish boys do not remain in the room while this instruction is being given. The priest teaches the Catholic boys their catechism and Catholic carols. The boys are compelled to go to church on Sunday and to report on the sermon. If they miss church, marks are taken off their standing, and if they cannot tell the priest the title of the sermon, marks are put on with the strap. Four or five times a year the Public School children are compelled to go to confession. They write out all their sins so as not to forget them, and they do not allow anyone else to read them, for if they do they commit another great sin. When confession day comes they dress up in their best clothes, take their prayer books, and go to church. In one corner of the church there is a little room which is occupied by a priest. One after another the boys go and whisper their sins into his ear. A boy that has a little brain in his head does not tell the priest all his sins and gets off more easily. If the boy has a lot of sins, as punishment the priest makes him kneel down

and say a certain prayer about twenty-five times.

The Protestant and Jewish boys have their own days for religious exercises and go to a different school for them. I am a Protestant and cannot tell you about the Jewish exercises; neither of these is forced to go to church or confession.

I do not know anything about the higher schools, because I was just a shaver of ten when I left Vienna. I am very glad now that I did leave!

* The writer wishes to express his grateful acknowledgments to Maynard Rathwell '16 for her invaluable assistance in revising the manuscript, and preparing the proofs for the press.

THE HOMESTEADER

Ingram was a coal-miner in the old country. Moreover, he had a reputation as a poacher. Money and the licentious delights it would buy, were not these worth sweating for in the grime?

Canada! Here was a priceless expanse indeed, and treasures in return for hardship. He located ahead of the steel. Forty miles he hauled his precious load of grain, fighting a blizzard that bit him furiously. The wily elevator-man offered him thirty cents—or he could take his number one hard back home. He dumped it in the river.

The C.P.R. came through eight years later. In three years more he was a prosperous farmer. He sent to the old country for a woman. She puts up with his curses. They are softer than the poplar pole with which he punishes the cattle.

Some years the prairies are never green. The dismal brown of April persists through the parching summer months until fall. The prairie is one vast, monotonous monochrome. We are told the climate will change as more pioneers settle, and that then the prairies will always be beautiful.

I wonder if the Canadian generations will understand their inheritance!

V. C.

Brandon College Quill

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YOURSELF

Picking up a college contemporary the other day, we were surprised and delighted by a striking note of individuality. Radical and realistic, it boldly attacked vital issues of today, scattering convention to the four winds, and leaving us breathless with admiration. Here was a personality, strongly-marked, deliberate, ingenious, almost malicious, going out into black print. The magazine was a portrait of its chief, with his satellites in the background.

We have sometimes met men and women like that. Their souls shone out of them and brought the vigorous life of heaven nearer. Each had a special interest, and in it was lost heart and soul. Each was a distinct personality.

Richness and character implies definiteness. Definiteness means work and thought and plans. Above all it means plans. Look around our halls—right around until you came back to yourself. Every student you see has a peculiar possibility of self-expression, silvered over by a mist of imitation and vague influence. Up, up above the mist! Your soul—let it speak!

ET CETERA We picked up another issue of the same college journal a short time later and were surprised and shocked by a note of strained foolishness. The individuality was self-conscious and self-contradictory; for it looked for the reader's appreciation of its smartness. It was smart—to childishness. It was conscious that its boldness pleased, so it was bold. It surprised itself by the ease with which rules were broken, conventions trampled underfoot, customs set at naught, traditions ridiculed, and institutions carelessly shattered.

Thus individuality overreaches itself. It forgets the *esprit-de-corps*, the unifying spirit. Your man of convention is but a shapeless splash of the universal mush. Your extreme individualist is but a little tin god that must worship itself. Which is preferable, you yourself must judge.

Each individual is social; not alone social, nor yet alone individual, but a social individual. Rules, conventions, customs, traditions and institutions are social products. The individual may submit to them or he may oppose them. But he *must* understand them, he must probe their depth. They come to us with the authority of a thousand years and may not be lightly set aside.

Individuals linked by an *esprit-de-corps*, bound by an animating group-consciousness, express infinite variety and unity, richness and harmony.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS Our Business Managers accord their heartiest thanks to our advertisers, who have supported the *Quill* this year more generously than ever, in spite of depressed trade. Without the aid of the local business-men, it would be impossible to publish the *Quill*. We realize that our return should be more substantial than mere words. Hence our slogan: Patronize those who patronize us. We trust that our patrons are rewarded by seeing the blue and gold a frequent visitor in their stores.

GOODBYE The *Quill* staff has completed its labors, and bids you farewell. Our policy has been to portray the life and spirit of the College, and to criticize and exhort as far as was permitted by a modesty befitting our station. We trust you have seen yourselves truly reflected and duly admonished, and were not unduly mortified by the sight. Our impulse was to say more, but we refrained. Our last advice is that you now retire and look within, which we do likewise.

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COLLEGE GOSSIP

A. H. PULLEN '18

*“Yes, clean yer house, an’ clean yer shed,
 An’ clean yer barn in ev’ry part;
 But brush the cobwebs from yer head
 An’ sweep the snow-banks from yer heart.
 Yes, w’en spring cleanin’ comes aroun’
 Bring forth the duster an’ the broom,
 But rake yer foggy notions down
 An’ sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.
 Plant flowers in the soul’s front yard,
 Set out new shade an’ blossom trees,
 An’ let the soul, once froze an’ hard,
 Sprout crocuses of new idee’s.”*

—Sam Walter Foss.

To the casual eye it is an untidy world at present. The becoming neatness of winter’s hoar garb gives place to sullied disorder. Busy roadside rills and gutter rivulets, during spasmodic thaws, hasten to remove the general shabbiness and restore a more proper state. For Spring will soon be knocking at the door and her ladyship must never find things thus. So away runs the snow, and the perky sparrows twitter impertinently after it.

However, it is by no means Spring-time yet, for March is to shown out in a chilling way, so say the sages.

“Happy are the people whose annals are brief,” to quote the old historian. The record of our doings for the last few weeks is brief: we have had no fireworks. But if our chant of praises is not long, neither is our tale of woe. Sound no dirge, things are humming. The engine runs smoothly: we have seen lubricants in greater demand.

PUTITINYERED!

Say! the reading-room is some joke, isn’t it? It is not that “Scotty” is not filling the bill reasonably enough, but neither “Scotty” nor anybody else can be in the reading-room all the time. We may ask a man to keep an eye on the magazines and papers, and to handle the subscription part of the business, but

unless every one else is honorably co-operative, the whole shootin' gallery will be the fizzle it is, no matter who runs it!

To persistently and wittingly encroach upon our neighbor's rights, to remove a privilege for which he has paid in cash, this is not honorable, nor consistent with what we stand for.

We welcome the return of Mrs. Vining and are glad to have her happy presence again with us. We did not know she was coming until she was here, though some of us suspected as much on meeting the Doctor striding with an even more springing step than usual through the park, with a suit case, *avec l'air d'un qui voit en beau*.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The scholastic knights of Brandon and Winnipeg have once again clashed in debate. Our worthy cause was upheld by Messrs. F. R. Julian and J. Scott in Brandon and Messrs. V. Coen and H. Staines in Winnipeg.

Manitoba Varsity was represented in Winnipeg by Messrs. Reardon and Knight, and in Brandon by Mr. T. B. McMillan (formerly of our own Alma Mater) and Miss M. Rogers.

The following resolution was the subject of debate, the visiting team taking the affirmative: "That, in the event of Prohibition, license-holders are entitled to a monetary compensation."

In each instance the debate was won by the negative, thus giving us the victory in Brandon. Although the decision of the judges went against us in Winnipeg, we give all honor to our representatives, who deserve great credit for the very able fight they put up.

The City Hall in Brandon was well filled, and our men upheld the honor of the College effectively, Mr. Julian's good rebuttals evidently doing much to turn the tide of battle.

Following the debate in Brandon, a reception was held by the Faculty, which gave our Winnipeg friends the opportunity of meeting the Faculty and representatives of the classes and student organizations.

Mrs. Vining: "Yes, Mr. Linton, it's the little things in life that tell!"

The Irrepressible (facetiously): "That's what the girl said as she pulled her little brother from under the sofa."

THE "LIT." SKATING PARTY.

A successful skating party was convened by the Literary Society executive on Friday, February 11th. The place of meeting was the Clark Hall reception room, and there cards were filled out for the bands. A leap-year innovation was introduced by leaving the choice of seventh band partner to the initiative of the ladies.

The skaters proceeded to the city rink. It was not too cold, and the ten bands passed away very happily. On returning to the college both skaters and non-skaters, who had passed an enjoyable evening in Clark Hall, partook of welcome refreshments.

And let us sandwich in here the saying of a wise man, which, as gossips, we should all do well to ponder: "What you are shouts so loud I cannot hear what you say!"

NOMINA DOMORUM.

To be up with the times and in with the fashions, in these days of progressive enterprise, you must affix an appropriate appellation to the door of your residence. Today the innovation, not devoid of a certain romantic charm, enlivens that elite but prosaic section of our building, the upper flat. One experiences something of the half sinister thrills one might expect with a visit to Bowery, on coming upon the sign "Bummer's Roost." Just across the way "The Prodigal Sons" gives a scriptural touch. The Ambrosiano Cafe and Marriage Agency recently run by Messrs. Dutton and Mastberg in Room 40 has gone out of business.

By way of extending this innocent boyish pastime we would suggest "Eetz-attal-hours" for the room of Messrs. Noble and Julian; "Effriboddikum" for Scotty and Warner, and "Setebos" for Messrs. Leask and Robinson.

Gab: "Say, Paw, what is the difference between your overcoat and a baby?"

Reid: "Hoots, mon, I dinna ken!"

Gab: "Why, one you wear, and the other you was."

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS ONCE MORE!

Parlez-vous français? Now you're shouting! Thou mayst wager thy transient existence! The Academics have again proven themselves not so slow, in the forming of a Cercle Français. Successful meetings have already been held and

modern French drama is being taken up in a very practical way. Davis can already make known unto the world, in French, that his gastronomic cavity is devoid of indispensable nutritious substances.

Here's the yell of the French Circle:

Rougenoir, rougenoir,
 Qui sommes nous?
 Qu'est ce que c'est,
 Qu'est ce que c'est.
 Que parlez vous?
 Est ce français—
 Bon c'est vrai:
 F-R-A-N-C-A-I-S
 Cercle.

IS IT CATCHING?

A brilliant suggestion coming from one of our students upon whom the beauties of English poetry, as presented in English 2, have made a profound impression, seems worthy of insertion in our College Gossip. Our correspondent professes to have a deeply sympathetic appreciation of the mysteries of rhythm and rhyme, but complains of his vocabularic deficiencies, which he thinks are experienced by many, who whilst possessing true poetic genius and instinct, are unable to compose poetry through lack of words. Could we not, he adds, now that we are withdrawing licenses from liquor dealers, add somewhat to poetic license and not only allow, but encourage budding bards to overcome their lack of suitable words by the simple process of invention. Might not onomatopoeic euphony come before verbal exactness? Is it not possible that the idea might prove Promethean to the dwindling flame of modern poesy?

Two illustrations are submitted. Observe the nimble buoyancy of this fragment:

THE GOBBLEGREEDING OF GAB.

I love to titzinwallow
 Where the dittinimim trees
 Rock gringingly the swallow
 In the terrulicious breeze:
 I love to clumb the Somlet
 Thence the broad laron to scan,
 Yet naught can beat an omlet
 At the Metropolitan.

Or again, in a more martial strain:

HURLEY TRIUMPHANT.

Sound forth the marshal bombophon!
 Wake Jerrymander's voice!
 Bid every loud Pantechnichon
 Slingzanger and rejoice!
 E'en feeble-minded wherrykinps
 Dripping the nutmeg-grater:
 For see him come,
 Kafoozolum,
 With trumpstial din and awful hum
 The lumprid Lord of Chater!

Diathnic maidens run before,
 The tamburels tintandling.
 The roistering rabble round the door
 Require plumdicious handling.
 Slopwobbers gluz the foaming wine
 And make the dindrang louder.
 Enlupp'd with pride
 His triptering bride
 Slipcushes sweetly by his side:
 "Long live the Lord of Chater!"

THE ACADEMY.

Some class to the Academic Lits.—eh, what? No flies on Prof. Staines and his committee! The Academic police force has to be augmented to keep away the crowd of outsiders who try to squeeze into the Lits. and debates of that department.

"That devotion to dress is a greater evil than the tobacco habit," was the question attacked at a recent debate held between Ac. I. and II. Morley Armstrong and Ethel Mitchel, representing Ac. II., held the affirmative, whilst C. Turnbull and Molly Mooney, for Ac. I., nobly defended the fashions and condemned the fragrant weed.

The debate was opened by Armstrong who, on the call of time began to rush the resolution, and at the end of the round had floored it for at least eight counts. Turnbull then came out to bat, and with characteristic coolness and precision found the leather and bombarded the elevated locations. The contest was well prosecuted by the ladies, one of whom broke a cleek near the seventh hole, avoiding, notwithstanding, the bunker. They succeeded, however, in driving the resolution to the ropes, where it was somewhat punished. The end of the fifteenth

round found the dark blues, clear of all bumps and three good lengths ahead, cox seeming confident.

Once again Armstrong drew on the button with an inturn, showing a better set off pace than he has evidenced since his middleweight days. The combination picked up as soon as he found the puck, and when his opponent castled he uncovered check with his king's bishop.

Cautiously Turnbull stepped between the ropes and, dodging a heavy full-back, passed to the inside left, narrowly skinning touch. Fuzz then endeavored to plant a left swing on the mouth, but missed receiving a slight round arm jolt. The resolution seemed to have lost a lot of blood and had to get on a broad starboard tack to clear the buoy. Turnbull was about to get a basket from near center, when his opponent cannoned off the cush making three successive twenties off the red ball. One wicket was yet to fall, and there were three to bat when the umpire called time. Mr. Miller, chairman of the judges, and critic returned the decision, based on the Marquis of Queensbury rules, showing the score to be in favor of the affirmative, who led by two pieces of Boston-cream pie and a doughnut.

We have lost another of our College men recently in W. P. Johnson, who is now endeavoring to lead into the paths of learning and wisdom sundry youthful innocents at Virden.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

On Monday evening, February 7th, we were visited by Mr. Lovel Murray, Educational Secretary of the International Y.M.C.A. for Student Volunteer work. The open meeting was well attended. Mr. Murray spoke on the needs of the Foreign Mission Field, and his clear and calm presentation of some telling facts compelled many to think.

"Facts are chiefs that winna doon,
And durna be disputed,"

said the Ploughman Poet, and our student volunteers felt strengthened in their resolve, after again seeing the vastly greater needs of Christian work abroad.

On the following Wednesday evening a meeting of student volunteers and those interested in mission work was held in the chapel. Clark Hall was well represented. Miss Skillen gave a straight and searching address on "A Plan for Every Life." No house without a plan, no building without a plan, and, above all, no life without a plan. We were urged to find that plan, and with firm, inflexible purpose to fulfil it. The president, John Linton, then spoke a few words explaining the Student Volunteer pledge.

BOW-WOW!

Miss Leech (in the dining-room): "Scotty, what is the difference between any ordinary dog and one with a broken tail?"

"Scotty: "You've got me!"

Miss Leech: "Well, you see, every ordinary dog has his day, whereas a dog with a broken tail has a week-end."

MISSION STUDY.

Good work is being done in the Sunday morning men's mission study class, under the leadership of Mr. J. Mitchel, who, in spite of his long and awkward working hours, finds time to prepare and conduct the discussions Sunday by Sunday. The problem of South America has been examined, and attention is now turned to the "Students of Asia," Sherwood Eddy's new book of that name being the text. An improvised orchestra sometimes assists the class. (And other times?—Ed.)

On Tuesday evening, February 8th, Dr. New addressed a large gathering of the students and their friends, who met under the auspices of the Ministerial Association. The subject of the address was "The War and the Pulpit." Many timely facts of recent history were presented in a very forceful manner.

ODE TO APPLE SAUCE.

Proud substance! Edible, forever blest,
 Sublime, magnificent, our second course:
 Ethereal raptures greet thee! Unexpressed,
 Unspeakable, stupendous Apple Sauce!

What viand can surpass thy luscious taste?
 What nectar of the gods compare with thee?
 Effulgencies celestial, regal, chaste,
 Surround thy glorious presence, tempting me.

Long shall thy memory linger in our minds
 When age comes on our youthful strife to hush:
 Above the various eats of divers kinds
 Exalted shalt thou be salubrious mush!

THE PROVERBS OF NEMO THE NEFFERBITE.

Hearken unto me, all ye people, and flop your ears in this direction, all ye that are children of your parents, for I am sure some geeser, yea, verily I am it.

The early bird catcheth the worm, but he that walketh clamorously while his brethren yet sleep, many cold baths shall be unto him.

The foolish man toucheth his dad for many shekels, but he that raiseth his own doe wisdom sojourneth with him.

Cast thy wastepaper and orange-peel upon the snow, and thou shalt find it after many days.

He that rolleth up his sleeves and saith: "Go to, let us do good," is not wise, but he that daily doeth his stunt in faith shall in nowise lose his reward.

Blessed is the man who can do nothing (mainly because he doesn't get the chance), for upon him shall no offices be thrust.

Woe unto him that striveth to put one over on Prof. Miller; verily I say unto you he shall surely be stung.

Woe unto him that maketh a joyful noise on the staircase while the congregation of the people have gathered themselves together in the chapel, for the day of wrath shall surely come, and he shall be greatly discomfited.

The trumpet calleth men to shed blood: take heed therefore all ye that blow continually upon the cornet.

A wise answer turneth away wrath, but he that knoweth not, let him not try to run a bluff with the examiner.

He that hath an ear let him get wise.

DEBATING SOCIETY SUPPER.

Half-past six, Wednesday evening, March 1st, found the Brandon College Inter-collegiate debaters and the members of the College Debating executive gathered around the supper table at Aagaard's Cafe in company with Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, in whose honor the supper was held.

The debaters together with the members of the executive desired to show their appreciation of the services rendered them by Dr. MacGibbon in the capacity of debating coach.

Mr. Victor Coen voiced the toast on behalf of the visiting team, followed by Mr. F. R. Julian, for the home team. Both speeches showed that invaluable direction had been given to the teams, the assistance being of such quality that it would form a strong foundation for all future work along debating lines.

Dr. MacGibbon replied in his characteristically keen and pleasant style, saying that he was only too pleased to be of service, and that even though the victory had not been complete, he would remind those present that the work put into the debate and the benefit so derived, were of life-long value apart from the question of result.

The very happy evening came to an end and the friends dispersed—the committee to think out fresh resolutions; the debaters to dream of future victories; and “Doc.” to swing Brandon into line on the Prohibition question.

UNIVERSITY BATTALION.

The military situation at Brandon College has advanced still further. For some months it has been the headquarters of the Brandon College branch of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps; now it is also the headquarters of the Brandon College unit of the Western Universities Battalion, officially known as the 196th Battalion. This Battalion will consist of students, ex-students, and their friends, and will have a distinctive uniform.

Brandon College has promised to send at least a platoon, but the prospects at present exceed previous expectations, for without active recruiting, which will begin when the uniforms arrive, we have more than half a platoon on the roll and drilling, and promises of many more as soon as we mobilize. At present those enlisted are receiving \$1.10 per day, and are drilling two hours a day. Drilling is going well and things are shaping up for a smart platoon. As soon as possible, organization will be completed and N.C.O.'s appointed. Invitations are extended to all those wishing to join up with this platoon, to communicate with the Officer Commanding, Lieut. Evans, at Brandon College.

THE ARTS CLASSES.

An effort made to give the Arts meeting a literary turn has met with some success.

Papers and addresses on “My Favorite Poem and Why,” “The Value of an Arts Course,” “Canadian Art, Music and Poetry,” and “Our Growing National Spirit,” have been read and appreciated.

The last meeting under this year's executive was convened for March 10th, for which a brief All-Canadian program was arranged.

THE ARTS BANQUET.

Once more, gathered around the festive board, the Arts students and Faculty did honor to the Graduating Class of '16.

The usual extensive preparations were made for the banquet, which took place on March 17th. Mr. Donogh and his committee worked hard and are to be commended upon their

good management. The menu, program, printing and decorations were very successful. The opinion was expressed that the dining-room, not the best possible from the decorative standpoint, had never been more tastefully adorned.

The following formed the committee:

W. R. Donogh, Th.—Chairman.

E. M. Whidden '19—Secretary.

Bertha Morris '17—Reception.

Ruby McDonald '18—Menu and Decorations.

R. A. McKee '17 and Dr. MacNeill—Printing.

L. A. Glinz '18—Program.

The toasts proposed during the evening were entertaining and some by no means unedifying. Miss McLachlan proposed the chief toast of the evening, addressing the graduates in martial terms. This was responded to by Miss Rathwell, whose words evidenced the sincerest appreciation of our Alma Mater, and Mr. Leask, who got the chance he has been waiting for for years.

“The festive night with gay success was crowned.”

*Through miles of shadow and soft heat
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the robin singing sweet,
The sparrow piping silverly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem;
And as I went I sang with them.*

CLARK HALL

HELEN J. McDONALD '16

*"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend."*

Editorials, to be read by many, must be bright, breezy and interesting. Of course, there are a few of the professors and a few of the students who really appreciate the rare privilege afforded them in being given the opportunity to read such scholarly editorials as usually fill this space. Others feel it their duty to read the *Quill* from beginning to end. The rest only read the jokes.

Whatever your opinion on the matter may be, we are not going to inflict a long editorial on you this time, because, since the strenuous cramming for Christmas exams, our minds have refused to work with their usual alacrity, and we can think of nothing that would be in keeping with the dignity of an editorial column. So we know we have your eager permission to proceed to more important matters.

The girls have all been very generous in donating material for this issue of the *Quill*. Keep it up, girls; it helps a lot.

"SILLY LITTLE IKES."

Last Thursday, the dining-room was much interested in witnessing the grand climax of the Leap Year competition, originating February 14th. The competition came about by the enclosure of a number of leap year valentines in a set of essays handed in in English II. on St. Valentine's Day. Rather overpowered, the Professor proposed a sock-darning competition, and the winner was to be the girl who darned best one of the socks of Professor Duncan A. MacGibbon. During the preceding days much speculation was indulged in as to whether or not six Arts II. girls were darning socks. Dr. MacGibbon was inclined to think they were not.

However, he was undeceived, when on the fateful evening of February 24th, six artistically gowned and coiffed young ladies flocked to his table, "whence all but he had fled." In amazement, Dr. MacGibbon could only ejaculate, "Silly little

likes!" as he comprehended the magnificence of the preparations.

When the announcement was made that the conditions were fulfilled, and his decision was now awaited, can anyone wonder that he seemed breathless? His exclamation, "Bring on the socks," was obeyed as if by magic, and before his astonished eyes were displayed truly startling varieties of sock-darning—done as only college girls, inspired by patriotism and high ideals, could do.

It was interesting to note the qualities of work which formed bases for elimination; for instance, in one, lack of punctuation, and in another the absence of a lace frill at the top.

Finally, the competition was narrowed down to two socks, which represented Artistic Beauty—"poetry in sock-darning"—and Utility.

At the earnest solicitation of the dining-room the aforesaid gentleman took his troubles to the archway, and there decided in favor of Utility. When he had again returned to the table, the following address was delivered in soul-stirring tones by one of the heart-broken five:

"It is with the greatest animosity that I arise upon this occasion to congratulate you upon your brilliant success in influencing the heart of Lieutenant Duncan A. MacGibbon. I wish to extend our deepest sympathy, and express our magnanimous feeling in regard to your future welfare. The days of your bachelordom are over. Never again will you be permitted the luxury of holes in your socks. The heart-broken five I can only remind, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'"

Congratulations and good wishes followed in due course, after which, like a true gentleman, the Lieutenant and the fortunate winner consoled the heart-broken five by taking them to see "The Prince and the Pauper."

To sum up: The whole affair was most enjoyable and both sides came off victorious.

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If you desire to know whether or not the boys who joined the Army Medical Corps have forgotten us, just look at the pins of some of the Arts I. girls.

—

Many of the girls went to Winnipeg for the Inter-collegiate debate. Each says she had "the time of her life." Nettie and Mr. Widen patronized the Walker, Jean was kept busy with "friends," and May was seldom seen.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

An oratorical contest is now being held by the Clark Hall Literary Society. Only two contests have taken place so far, Harriet Turnbull being the winner in the Business Department, and Beatrice Hall in the Academic Department. After the Arts girls have matched against each other, the final contest will take place.

We are all glad to see Kathleen Moffat around again. Mumps is not the most pleasant thing in the world.

Mary Bell, who was a Clark Hall girl last term, is now continuing her business course in Winnipeg.

We are glad to hear that Marjorie Stovel is soon to return to school, although we are sorry she cannot return to Clark Hall.

Miss Butman is an authority on the shoe styles for the Spring of 1916.

COLLER—McKENZIE.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, North Portal, on February 19th, when their daughter, Ethel, became the wife of R. A. Collier, who is now on the way to the front with the D.A.C.

When Mrs. Collier returned to Clark Hall the top-flat girls, snatching at an added chance for excitement, planned what was supposed to be an old-time charivari. Little did we think Clark Hall possessed so many musical instruments in the shape of cans, pans, etc.

In spite of the fact that a wedding veil—in the shape of a sheet—could not be found, a shawl served the purpose admirably.

Followed by the band and the girls singing, "Here comes the bride," Ethel was compelled to parade all the halls amid showers of rice. In entering into the fun the way she did Mrs. Collier showed that she has the true college spirit.

To both Mr. and Mrs. Collier we wish the best of happiness.

Congratulations to Helen Honeyman! Girls, remember this is Leap Year and make the best of the opportunities afforded you. We expected to hear of developments from the trip to Winnipeg, but we have been disappointed. Maynard has been heard confessing that she and Andy will not likely go to the Agricultural College next year, as they must start to save. But, then, no one considers this a development.

On February 14th, under the auspices of the Clark Hall Literary Society, the girls put on a comic sketch, when Mrs. Jarley presented her wondrous waxworks. Each life-like object, representing such ancient personages as Mr. and Mrs. Spratt or Simple Simon, had wonderful works inside, and upon being wound up walked mechanically. "Eats" were served afterwards in the "gym."

Y. W. C. A.

Our Y. W. C. A. meetings are still as pleasant as ever. Splendid papers are read each week. On February 3rd, we organized a Mission Study class. Under the able leadership of Jean Cameron we expect this study class to accomplish a great deal. There is a place for every one and work for all.

Miss Reita Bambridge spent a very enjoyable week in Winnipeg, and came back looking very wise and business-like in her new "specs."

Three times a week the girls who have Arts privileges spend pleasant and busy afternoons at the home of Mrs. Whidden, doing Red Cross sewing for the soldiers.

Georgie Neithercut had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, potential subjunctive and exclamatory moods. This was the result:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English exam. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. Heaven help me!"

Miss Skillen: "What is the Hague Tribunal?"

B— H—: "The Hague Tribunal ar—"

Miss Skillen: "Don't say 'The Hague Tribunal are,' use 'is.'"

B— H—: "The Hague Tribunal isbitrates national controversies."

SPORTS.

The girls had just begun to practise hockey, and had even thought of going to Chater to play against the girls there, when Mr. Sun came out and spoiled it all. But it is now thirty below again, so we might still hope for some good hockey matches, but for the snow. If only the boys would——!

Basket-ball is very popular, and the teams are fast getting into shape. Watch for the announcements and come out to root.

The postman is continually complaining about the heaviness and bulk of the Clark Hall mail. Most of the trouble seems to be due to Jean Cameron. In fact, the government is considering the advisability of putting an extra tax on Jean's letters.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Why does Harris McKee find so many excuses to visit the north side of the college?

Are the women going to assert their Leap Year rights? Ask several people, but in particular Jean MacLaren, who recently spent a giddy week in Winnipeg.

Does Gladys McLellan prefer flowers or candies for a birthday gift?

Why does Marj. always want to visit her sister in Winnipeg?

How did Daisy Fenwick like "Ours"?

What church do Jean and Happy attend Sunday evenings?

There is a rumor that all the senior boys have wives. Who are they?

A BIT OF LEAP YEAR ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

Don't be so unlady-like as to throw a boy down. Let him at least have the satisfaction of doing that to you.

Be very sure to see that all the boys have escorts home from the Literary meetings.

Miss Whiteside was the hostess at a most enjoyable birthday party a few weeks ago in honor of little Miss Margaret Kilgour.

Prof. and Mrs. Wright entertained Mr. Wright's senior music pupils at dinner, Friday, February 25th.

"Business is poor," said the beggar,

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding-school teacher,

The druggist, "Oh Vial!" he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author,

"Picking up," said the man on the dump.

"My business is sound," quoth the bandsman,

Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking,"

The parson, "It's good," answered he.

"I make both ends meat," said the butcher,

The tailor replied, "It suits me."

—The Westminster.

ATHLETICS

A. H. LEASK '16

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."*

Snow! Snow! Snow! And college sports have lost their significance. Hockey only remains, and it is of the B class brand. Cold weather, storms, and a rink without a roof have eliminated the inter-class hockey which was the source of so much class rivalry and fun. Charlie is a pretty good man, but when it comes to fighting the weather man, even he is compelled to take second place. A little more enthusiasm on the part of the boys might give Charlie a better chance of winning out, and the girls of Clark Hall an opportunity to round up a hockey team with which to beat the Heifers. We must also remember that the Academic girls have very few chances to skate, except on the college rink. Wake up, you skaters, and oblige the ladies!

Our B team has at last rounded into shape. Three games have been played with the Collegiate, the first two resulting in a draw, the last one ending in a well deserved victory for the Collegiate. We must also make brief mention of our outlaw team, the "Heifers." So far this season they have played two games and lost both. In both the boys showed that they are a fine bunch of sports and play the game like gentlemen. The B team has almost a new line-up this year, but they are good. Some of the new men are Turnbull, Ross, Roper, Parks, Saunders, Cooperman and Whidden. Of last year's team we have Glintz and Mastberg. Both these men are good as ever, though Mastberg has been very unfortunate, getting hurt in almost every game.

HEIFERS vs. DOUGLAS.

To the wild and hairy "Heifers" belong the honor of opening the College hockey season. On January 25th, they journeyed to the city of Douglas, and in a game with the seniors lost hair to the tune of five to one. Leech was a regular stone-wall in goal. Davis was responsible for the "Heifers'" only score. Craig butted his head into somebody's hockey stick and got it cut. Mastberg was hurt as usual, bringing home as a memoir a fine, large black eye.

BRANDON COLLEGE vs. COLLEGIATE.

On January 28th, the first of a series of games arranged between the College and the Collegiate was pulled off. Both teams were very much weaker than last year. Many players from both these teams have graduated or have gone to the war. Hard knocks and sore heads were the order of the day. Lots of hard work, but very little hockey, sums up the whole situation. A draw was the most satisfactory ending which the game could have. The Collegiate were superior in team work, but were weak in shooting. Much better work is expected of the College when they get into shape.

HEIFERS vs. B TEAM.

In their second game of the season the "Heifers" got the short end of the score. The game was very fast, the "Heifers" making the B team work for their money. The "Heifers" put up a sterling defence. Craig, as cover point, proved himself a regular elephant, off which the B team bounced like rubber balls. Cloutier was not as effective as he might have been if the rest of the "Heifer" forward line had been on the fence. The B team showed the need of a few such games, though the score was four to two in their favor.

BRANDON COLLEGE vs. COLLEGIATE.

In one of the fastest games of the season the College and Collegiate played to another tie. The improvement of both teams in every department of the game was a revelation to the spectators. The game started with a whirlwind rush by the Collegiate and they scored twice in a very short time. Then the College settled down to hard work, and by clean, consistent hockey soon evened up the score. Whidden was the party responsible. In another minute the Collegiate drew ahead, but just before half-time Roper equalized for the College in a dandy shot from centre ice. During the last half, though both teams tried their hardest, the tie was not broken. Mastberg was absent from the game because of strained tendon. His place was well filled by Cooperman. Roper too Cooperman's place and showed that he was a good, steady player. Whidden also played a good game. The next game of the series promised to be a dandy.

COLLEGE vs. COLLEGIATE.

In the last and deciding game of the series the College lost to the Collegiate by a 5—3 score. A combination of poor ice, and bad judgment on the part of the College enabled the Collegiate to pull the game out of the fire in the second half when

the College had the long end of a 3—0 score. In the first half the College played the Collegiate to a standstill. Whidden, Glinz and Mastberg scored in quick succession. The second half of the game showed that the first had been too strenuous on the part of the College. They put up a good fight, but the consistent playing of the Collegiate boys gradually piled up a score of five goals, while the College did not reach the net once. Too much self-confidence is very often the cause of the loss of a hockey game. A real, good opponent is never beaten until at least a minute after the finish bell has rung.

BASEBALL.

The recent warm weather has cleared off a few spots around the college, and very soon we may expect to find Nichol, Milton and others of our baseball enthusiasts out practising. Nichol has already spent some time taking the "glass" out of his arm, firing snowballs at the front doors. Baseball is one of our main sports, and as there will likely be several teams among the soldiers we, too, ought to have a good team. Watch the bare spots!

YES, AND CURLING, BY HECK!

A curling rink, composed of L. Glinz, N. Macaulay, S. Milton and A. Nichol (skip), recently visited Alexander, and nobly upheld the sporting reputation of our "best of all Alma Maters." They succeeded in winning, by the score of 12—7, in spite of the fact that those consumptives Milton and Glinz ate tremendous quantities of chicken, mashed potatoes and jelly, not to mention such trifles as cream pie, chocolate cake, cream biscuits, oranges, etc., just before the game. This light repast seemed merely to fortify them. Every member of the rink curled like a veteran, with the result that another victory was added to Brandon College's long list of successes in the field of sport.

*Had I two loaves of bread—ay, ay!
One would I sell and hyacinths buy
To feed my soul. Or let me die!*

ALUMNI-ALUMNÆQUE

VERA LEECH, M.A.

"Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king."

To those of us who have survived the rigors of the worst January in years the recent sunny days, lengthening as they are, are indeed welcome. But yet the word "spring" connotes much more to the college man or woman than mere weather improvements. Does it not mean that the season of "plugging" is at hand for those who are still in the race for knowledge, and who of us who no longer are in the race do not remember the anxious "days of labor, and nights devoid of ease" that we were wont to spend at this season? The sympathy of the Alumni to present-day students!

Since the Christmas issue of the *Quill*, news regarding Alumni seems to be very scarce. If any readers know of any interesting items for this page, be assured you will earn the lasting gratitude of the editor, as well as the public, by sending them in. Or if you have not heard any news, start to "make history" yourself and write us about it.

Numbers of names of our Alumni have recently been added to the Honor Roll. These will be found on another page of this issue. We feel that each is truly worthy of its place on the list of those we delight to honor.

Reverend L. Elgin Brough, Th. '13, formerly pastor of Heath Baptist church, Calgary, recently accepted a call from the church at Red Deer, Alta., and on the first Sunday of the new year took up his new duties there. We understand that the people of Red Deer are congratulating themselves upon securing a man of his type as their spiritual leader.

The Western Outlook for February contains the pathetic story of the death of "The Little Doctor"—infant child of Rev. and Mrs. Archibald Gordon, of Vuyuru, India. Particularly sad were the circumstances surrounding the passing of the little life. The sympathy of all Brandon ex-students goes out in fullest measure to the father and mother.

Miss May Reid '14 assumed her new duties on the staff of the Indian Boarding School, Portage la Prairie, at the beginning of the year.

Portage has also claimed another Brandon ex-student. Rev. F. W. McKinnon, for three and one-half years pastor of the Kildonan Baptist Church, Winnipeg, was recently appointed Superintendent of the Industrial School, and entered upon his work there in December.

Married—At Brandon, December 29, 1915, at the home of the bride's father, Miss Jean Trotter to William Bowley Hartie '10, of Young, Sask.

Russell Ferrier '12, after successfully completing his Normal course in Regina, has accepted a position on the Saskatoon Collegiate staff.

Miss Jennie Turnbull '15, who also was a successful student at Regina Normal, fall term, is spending the remainder of the school year at her home, studying with the intention of taking her Master's degree in French at an early date.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. H. Lancefield (nee Miss Carolyn de Mille), Calgary, Alta., on Friday, January 21st, a son. Harold Allan.

Miss Julia Ovens, Matric. '13, after teaching for the past two years, is now taking her first class teacher's course in Saskatoon.

Miss M. Barbour, for the past few years on the staff of the Business Department, is teaching in the Success Business College, Winnipeg.

Miss Grace Little '12 resigned her position in the Carlyle High School and returned to her home in Brandon the end of the year, where she is enjoying a well-earned rest.

Feeling that they needed another Brandon College graduate at their head, the Carlyle High School Board appointed Miss "Peggy" Bucke '14 to the position of principal.

Harley Hughes '15 is attending Winnipeg Law School.

Miss Irene McVicar, of Weyburn, well remembered by Clark Hall girls of 1910-12, visited Clark Hall recently.

At the meeting of the Baptist Union of Western Canada, held in Vancouver in January, Alumni representation on the College Senate was granted, four of the six representatives elected in December being appointed, two being from Arts and two from Theology.

Rev. J. Jordan '12, on account of ill-health, has been granted three months' leave of absence from his church in Calgary.

Rev. G. A. Reynolds, an old Brandon College student, is doing good work in one of the Vancouver churches.

Rev. J. H. Ellis, who left Brandon in 1904, and is now in Shonavon, Sask., attended the Union meetings.

Rev. W. H. Smalley, J. Jordan and C. Baker, all members of Class '12 Theology, held a class re-union in Vancouver in January, and incidentally attended the Union meetings.

Married—Henry C. Cross, Cocanada, India, to Miss Carrie Zimmerman, on December 28th, 1915.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. W. H. Smith, who passed away in England.

*There came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softening skies hung low.
Widwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy,
And would not let it go.*

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

FLORA A. FRASER '16

"Know thyself."

Quite a number of exchanges have been received since the last issue of the *Quill*. The Christmas numbers are particularly attractive, both as regards appearance and contents.

We are always glad to get in touch with more and more colleges, and will be glad to exchange the *Quill* with any we have not hear from before. Since our last issue we have received the "Western University Gazette" from London, Ontario, which we are pleased to add to our list of exchanges.

Several of the colleges and universities, we notice, devote a column in their magazines to items of interest concerning their men "at the front." It is a splendid idea and one which other colleges would do well to follow; for whom are we more interested in than those who have gone as our representatives at the front?

Mistress: "Surely, Bridget, those people for whom you sometimes work are Germans, aren't they?"

Bridget: "They was, mum, but, you see, they have been sterilized."

A BOUQUET TO CLASS '15.

"The Brandon College *Quill* has sent us its May Commencement Number, giving cuts of the various members of 1915 with class history, prophecy, etc. It is gotten up in good style, and is a credit to the class of '15 who produced this special number."—Acadia Athenaeum.

"'When I was a little boy,' said the sarcastic drill sergeant to the awkward squad after hours of instruction, 'I had a box of toy soldiers. I played with them for hours, but one day I lost them. Now, after all these years, I seem to have found the fool things. Dismiss!'"—Dalhousie Gazette.

King's College Record contains some splendid material, but a few jokes and cuts would brighten it up and give it a more college-like air.

“What caused you to become a tramp?”

“The family physician, ma’am. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I’ve been walking after them ever since.”—M.A.C. Gazette.

The M.A.C. Gazette comes to us with its usual bright and breezy contents. The February number contains an interesting cut of the last and largest graduating class. It contains also some clever cartoons, which give a keen insight into the college life of that institution.

An article entitled “Comparative Debating,” which all would-be orators would do well to read, appears in the *Vox Wesleyana* for February. Comparing the English and American systems of debating, the writer says:

“In debating one finds the reserved Englishman ‘whole in himself,’ addressing himself to the feelings; the democratic, expansive American appealing to reason. Surely neither extreme is altogether desirable. In the union of the two ideals is the Canadian’s opportunity. The Canadian is not so democratic as the American; he is less exclusive than the Englishman From the Oxford debater he can learn that the happy expression of a common-place idea is highly persuasive, but also that happy expressions do not take the place of happy ideas. From the American he can learn the weakness of prolonged argument, and the relief of the lighter touch. With the mean as his ideal he can attain unknown heights of oratory; and, if the orator of the future is to play an increasing part with the increasing years, his appeal must be made, not to pathos or humor or reason alone, but to all three. Felicitous expression of reasoned conviction is the lesson of comparative debating.”

The *Vox Lycei* is a very bright and interesting magazine. Not quite so many jokes and few longer articles, however, would improve it, in our opinion.

The February number of *The Sheaf* contains an interesting article on “The Call to Citizenship,” by J. S. Woodsworth. This article in a very lucid manner points out the challenge which confronts the man, and especially the college man, and we might add college woman, of today.

After tracing the development of Canada from the early pioneer period through the period of exploitation to the present era, which might be called the era of constructive citizenship, the writer goes on to say:

“Patriotism is needed—and brains. Scientific knowledge

and idealism must work hence, hand in hand. Surely we have a right to look to our colleges for leadership."

For those of us who for some reason cannot shoulder the rifle and go to the battlefield there is a little battle at home—a battle against the evil forces in our country which would tend to destroy the very principles for which we claim to be fighting today in Europe.

—

Since the New Year we have been lucky enough to see a real live magazine from the front, namely, that of the Fifth Battalion, which has been in France since the beginning of the war. The following is an extract taken from an officer's notebook:

THE FRENCH FOR "SHEEPSKIN."

"The language," he says, "presented great difficulties to many of us when we first came over. I remember when the French pilot came on board the boat at St. Nazaire, everyone was trying to brush up their French on him, much to his pain and bewilderment. His English was also, to say the least of it, sketchy. He was trying to tell one of us that the men would be issued sheepskin coats as soon as they landed. He tried it in French, but was only met by a blank stare. Then he had a brain wave. He looked the fellow straight in the eye, and said very slowly and very distinctly: 'Les soldate auraient les habits Ba-a-a-a!'"

On the top of the "Menu des Franchées" we find:

Meals at all hours.
Catering to the militia a specialty.
Every man his own chef.
German band always in attendance.
No waitresses—no tips.

—

Mr. D. L. Durkin, who is affectionately remembered by many Brandon College students, contributes to "The Manitoban" an article entitled: "Are We Canadians?" He reluctantly confesses we are not. The spirit of Canada is merely an artificial product exploited in cheap novels. Nationality is strengthened by crises, and Canada has never faced peril. But elements are there, waiting to be fused, and the events of the past year have begun the process.

The article is timely. It reminds us of our own recent All-Canadian Arts meeting. Are not this very article and this meeting indications of a soul coming to self-consciousness?

The following exchanges are acknowledged with thanks: The M.A.C. Gazette, Vox Wesleyana, Acadia Athenaeum, The Manitoban, St. John's College Magazine, King's College Record, McMaster Monthly, Western University Gazette, Vox Lycei, The Sheaf, The Argosy, The Tallow Dip, and The Dalhousie Gazette.

*How thick about the window of my life
 Buzz insect-like the tribe of petty frets;
 Small cares, small thoughts, small trials and small strife,
 Small loves and hates, small hopes and small regrets.*

*If 'mid this swarm of smallnesses remain
 A single undimmed spot, with wondering eye,
 I note before my freckled window-pane
 The outstretched splendor of the earth and sky.*

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